THE PACIFIC

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ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
  Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
  As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
  With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor
  Ere ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory
  Only when seen from afar;
And the sails lose all their whiteness
  Inside of the harbor bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel
  That comes not near our beach:
Stately and grand the mountain
  Whose height we never may reach.

Oh! Distance, thou dear enchanter,
  Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
  The gleam of the far-off sail!

Hide in thy robes of splendor,
  Oh! mountain cold and gray!
Oh, sail, in thy snowy whiteness,
  Come not into port, I pray!

—Carlotta Perry.

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MANY DWELLING PLACES.

In a recent number of The Outlook the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott writes concerning some of the impressions left on the minds of the first disciples by certain incidents in the life of Jesus, saying in part: "His followers were made to feel that he did not believe that death ends all. They were made to feel that in his thought the dead are not dead, are not even departed, but remain living and within the sound of the human voice. And that impression which he left upon his contemporaries, has not grown dim during the ages which have since intervened. On the contrary it has grown stronger and deeper, more vital and more widespread. Flowers are taking the place of crape as symbols of death because the flower is itself the outgrowth of the death of the seed."

Dr. Abbott quotes Rossiter W. Raymond as interpreting in verse the impression which Christ imparted concerning death:

" 'Lord, thou hast conquered death, we know;
Return again to life,' I said,
'This one who died an hour ago.'
He smiled: 'She is not dead.'

" 'Asleep, then, as thyself did say;
Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!'
He smiled: 'She doth not sleep!'

" 'Nay, then, tho' haply she do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache!'
He smiled: 'She is not gone!' "

Sir Oliver Lodge, the noted scientist, gave in the last number of the Hibbert Journal his ideas as to the future life:

"It has been thought of and spoken of as if it were altogether transcendental—something beyond space and time (as indeed it may be), something outside of and beyond all conception. But it is not necessarily so at all; it is a question of fact; it is open to investigation. I find part of it turning out quite reasonably simple; not easy to grasp or express for lack of experience and language—that is true,—but not by any means conveying a feeling of vast difference and change. Something much more like terrestrial existence, at least one aspect of it, than we had imagined. Not as a rule associated with matter; no, but perhaps associated with ether—an etherial body instead of a material one; certainly a body, or mode of manifestation, of some kind. It appears to be a state which leaves personality and character and intelligence much where it was. No sudden jump into something supernal, but steady and continued progress; with many activities and interests beyond our present ken, but with a surviving terrestrial aspect, occasionally accessible, and showing interest in the doings of those on earth, together with a great desire to help and encourage all efforts for the welfare of the race."

All these are comforting thoughts. We like to think of God's universe as containing many dwelling places; many stations or stages, as some maintain that the Greek word for dwelling-places should be translated; and death is merely the passing out of one stage into another. A few years ago Dr. Abbott wrote an article entitled "The Other Room," in which he said: "The universe is God's house. This world is not the only habitat for the living. In his house are many rooms. Death is only pushing aside the portiere and passing from one room to another." Spiritualism would never have had the power which it once possessed and is now losing, says Dr. Abbott, "had it not borne witness to the truth which the Church of Christ has often ignored, and sometimes denied, that death is not cessation of life but only transition, and that the dead are not even departed, but living near at hand, having only stepped across the threshold into the other room." And his thought is that "the dream of poets that our unseen friends are friends still, and minister to us in services which we but dimly recognize, in counsels which strangely guide us, though we know not whence they come, is more than a dream."

James Russell Lowell, himself a poet, says:

"For I believed the poets. It is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep;
And listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the ages out of eternity."

And so we read and believe:

"There are more lives yet, there are more worlds waiting,
For the way climbs up to the eldest sun,
Where the white ones go to their mystic mating,
And the Holy Will is done!"

In one of his poems Richard Watson Gilder sets forth thoughts which have fallen comfortingly and approvingly on many hearts:

"Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the everliving
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say: 'He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces;
Today, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
Tomorrow (who can say?) Shakespear may pass
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill.' "

But, perhaps some longing heart asks: "Why, if our loved ones are so near us, and are helpful to us, do they not communicate with us? There are those who believe

that some communication has been made with the spirit world; but nothing definite has yet been established And whatever investigations going on may be able to disclose it is not likely that the people on this plane of existence will ever be made to comprehend much of that other and higher life to which this is the stepping-stone. One of our poets has said:

If we could tell this dog of ours, this dog who loved you so,
That you have journeyed from us by the road which keeps no tread,
No bending of the asphodels, no print upon the snow,
Perchance your voice might reach us from the dead.

If knowledge cast in human speech could answer his surprise,
His trouble at your silent door by bark and bound unstirred,
The question yearning up to us from brown, beseeching eyes,
We, too, might comprehend celestial word.

But untranslatable to him remains our little lore,
And incommunicable unto us of earth-bound brain
The crystal tides of wisdom your compassion longs to pour
Upon our pleading and bewildered pain.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A census taken in Ireland in 1911 shows the population 4,381,951. This is a decerase from 4,458,775 in 1901. Of the population according to the recent census 73.9 per cent are Roman Catholics; 13.1 per cent Episcopalians; 10 per cent Methodists and 1.4 per cent Presbyterians.

James Eads How, who is known as "the millionaire hobo," stated in a recent address in New York that there are 75,000 boys "on the road" in this country; that in the state of New York ten out of every one hundred persons were unemployed, and that in the United States the unemployed number from two and a half to four million.

A full-blooded Indian has been drawn to serve as a juryman in Jefferson county, Washington. He is a son of an Indian who was at one time the chief of the Clallam tribe which dominated the Olympic peninsula. He is a taxpayer, but can neither read nor write. A pretty good kind of a juryman in this day of our country's history, when the less a man knows about a case the more eligible he is to serve as a juror on that case.

In a recent address Booker T. Washington spoke of the negro as "a race with a future," saying in that connection: "The Indian refused the white man's customs, his religion, his clothes, his houses; but the negro says: 'We'll take everything that we can get from you, and weave it into our life.' Negroes own nineteen million acres of land, or about 30,000 square miles. One day, in a pretty little negro settlement, he asked his guide: 'What is the name of this place?" Usually ignominious names like Bug Hollow or Little Africa are appended to such places, but in this case the reply was: 'This is Columbia Heights!' Forty-five years ago, only three per cent. of the negroes could read and write; today fifty-eight per cent. can do both."

The Men and Religion Forward Movement is to be launched in simultaneous meetings in Minneapolis and St. Paul on the 2d day of October. The campaign throughout the country will cover a period of eight months. The following named organizations participate in the movement: Baptist Brotherhood, Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, Brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ, Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Congregational Brotherhood of America, the Gideons (Commercial Travelérs), International Sunday-school Association, International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, Lutheran Brotherhood, Methodist Brotherhood, Otterbein Brotherhood of the United Brethren Church, Presbyterian Brothehood of America, United Presbyterian Brotherhood.

A missionary in India writes in the London Christian of a visit to Mukti—the settlement of Pandita Ramabai. One Sunday morning he addressed a congregation of nearly fifteen hundred persons, the great majority of whom were Hindu widows rescued from the deep degradation and misery which attaches to the state of widows in India many of whom are little children. The settlement is in many of its features an Indian village, the workers having adopted the native food and manner of eating and living in order to be more in touch with their charges. The Pandita is assisted by her daughter, who was educated in England and the United States and by about twenty English, Scotch and Scandinavian women. It is a wonderful work which Pandita Ramabai is doing in a quiet modest way in far-off India. The world does not hear much about it because she shrinks from publicity.

A list of the shareholders of 177 railroads and industrial companies published recently showed the number to be 787,249. In 1901 the number was 214,502; in 1906 it was 406,440. It is evident from these figures that the actual control of the corporations rests with the investing public. The New York Post says: "No one questions that conclusion; but the point is, how often is that control exercised? During the Alton investigation, which began at the close of 1906, E. H. Harriman and other witnesses admitted that to secure absolute control of a railroad, it was necessary to own or concentrate only 20 per cent of the stock. According to the figures, a large increase has taken place since 1906 in the number of shareholders; but, under existing conditions, that increase only makes more secure the control enjoyed by concentration of a relatively small percentage of stock. For example, the 1906 annual election of Union Pacific directors consisted of counting a dress-suit case full of proxies in a little back office of the Salt Lake City station. Despite the increase that has since taken place in the number of shareholders, this year practically the same directors will be elected by pressing into service the same dress-suit case and the same deserted Salt Lake City back office. There are two reasons why an annual meeting of stockholders in England is a very different affair from a similar meeting in this country. In England a shareholder does not have to travel a couple of thousand miles or more to attend an annual meeting; and then, unlke an American, the average English shareholder does not sell out on a ten-point rise; he buys his stock for a long pull, and then religiously attends each annual meeting, for the purpose of asking leading questions about his investment. Unless pressed, a majority of Americans do not even take the trouble to sign proxies."

The Gipsy Smith evangelistic compaign on the Pacific Coast will begin at Spokane, Washington, on the 30th of

September. Meetings will be held in Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. They will begin in San Francisco the latter part of December. The evangelist is in England now, but will arrive in this country early next month. Not long ago he conducted a series of meetings in Nottingham, England, and the Daily Express commented as follows: "The preacher keeps well within his range, and wisely. He is an evangelist, and glories in his calling, and never pretends to be anything else. He handles the first principles, the elementary truths of the Gospel—the sin of man and the love of God in Christ, the enormity of the one, the wonder of the other; the freeness of God's grace, and the power of it, too. There one has the substance of his message. In order to enforce it, he draws on experience, deeply on his own experience of spiritual things, and widely on his large experience as an evangelist. He illustrates by incident and individual cases, and knows well the power and eloquence of the single instance. He aims at moral rather than intellectual conviction, and it is all done with a fine sanity and a bracing ethical quality. He can use the keen knife that cuts to the quick; and while there is abundance of melting pathos, he sweeps on one side the slushy sentiment that would gloze over unreality and even hypocrisy with a varnish of emotional religion. In 'drawing the net,' to use the professional phrase, he uses some of the missioner's methods, about which there may be much difference of opinion; but, withal, the Gipsy is a virile, sane, attractive preacher of the rudiments of the Christian Faith, with a gleam of genius shooting through and playing about the man and his message; and, listening to him, one readily understands how the late Professor A. B. Bruce, that shrewdest of critics, said to his students: 'Go and hear the Gipsy, gentlemen. He may not be a profound theologian, but he knows how to preach'—how to hurt and heal the human heart with the Gospel of the Grace of God."

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE PULPIT.

Some weeks since an honored correspondent of the Pacific earnestly complained of what he felt to be a sad and regretful decadence in the spirituality of the pulpit, so evident to him as a sort of a reflex of the practical and materialistic tendency of the age. Preachers, he thinks, ignore almost unanimously the Cross of Christ and choose for their themes economical, philosophical and even political themes. There are numerous sermons, he believes, on eating, drinking, marrying, or rearing and training children, on the philosophies of Plato, Dante, Kant, Emerson, Ruskin and others, on labor unions, strikes, woman suffrage and the like, but seldom any on Christ and Him crucified and what that means to the world. He visits three churches in one day, to hear nothing but economic questions discussed, the whole being destitute of the power and pathos of the gospel. The writer is sorry that the correspondent had so unpleasant an experience, but it was, the writer feels, only a happening, an unlucky experience, and strange things do now and then happen on this mundane sphere. That man must have thought it so who some time ago, in visiting a strange city, attended service in three different churches to hear three sermons upon the text, "And Peter's wife's mother was sick of a fever," until he began to think that the absorbing interest of churches at least in that city was mother-in-laws. The experience of the correspondent has not been that of the writer. Indeed, never in his life has he heard treated so faithfully and well Christ's life, experience and death and what these mean to mortals as now, and he has seldom heard a sermon on any other themes. It must, however, be understood that the duty of a preacher in the pulpit is twofold—to convince sinners, leading to Christ, and to confirm saints.

The preacher, if true to the Christ he loves and to the church he serves, cannot always present discourses to stir the conscience of sinners, for he must sometimes apply the gospel to some of the economic questions of the day—questions where he sees his flock needs direct and pointed lessons, and when he does this it is really unfortunate that somebody happens in who needs the uplift of a real gospel sermon. Such questions might be relegated to the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, but unforunately oftentimes the very persons needing the message are not there. When the writer was a boy, preachers made the distinctive features of the church the principal themes. There were in Baptist churches, infinite threshings out of "baptizo" and "close communion"; in the Presbyterian Church "The Perseverance of the Saints" and Christ's support of "the Presbyterian polity"; in the Methodist, the need of methodical church supervision, with duties of all classes of officers and leaders; and so on. Outside of the Seventh-Day Adventist church, who still press home vigorously the "Saturday rest day" and "soul-sleeping," and new sects that wish to inform the world of the reasons for their peculiar beliefs, no preacher in the general so-called orthodox churches believes himself called upon to do this; indeed, it is over thirty-five years since the writer has heard such a theme discussed in the pulpit. The "brimstone" sermons have passed away as special subjects as it is believed that sermons of this kind are not adapted to win to Christ as the loving call of the Master. Not that the church has lost faith in there being a place of punishment for persistent sinners, or that God will not regard the absolute violation of those very laws of living that necessarily fit a man for the companionship of devils and not for that of the angels of heaven, for the clergy generally, notwithstanding the statements of the public press and the belief of many of the world, still earnestly believe and have a right to believe as Henry Ward Beecher put it, "There is, indeed, a very black background to a sinner's life; there is indeed a hell of some sort—keep out of it!" We are glad to know, from our personal experience, that on this coast, at least, whatever they are thinking or doing on the other side of the continent, the large majority of the ministry preach the gospel, the old gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and we hope our correspondent will extend his Sunday visits to several churches in our city and hear for himself how true our position is.

ALWAYS NEAR.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above;
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.

Oh, the peace at the heart of Nature!
Oh, the light that is not of day!
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

THE PROBLEM OF TEMPERANCE.

An Address by President Jordan of Stanford University at the Meeting of the National Educational Association in San Francisco.

We may look at the alcohol question from three different points of view, its physiological effects on the human body, the effect of its public sale dilute or concentrated on society and its effect on the character and purpose of the individual man.

Alcohol is a substance or drug produced in the disintegration of sugar by certain minute plants or ferments. In wines or malt liquors, the amount of alcohol is relatively small, mostly from 3 to 10 per cent. In distilled liquors the alcohol has been removed by evaporation from the water and from other substances dissolved in it, there may be from 40 to 90 per cent of alcohol. Whether dilute or concentrated alcohol has the same general effects, the degrees dependent mainly on the amount of the substance absorbed into the system.

The general action of alcohol is that of a nerve-depressant. It appears as a stimulant only because its first effect in lowering nerve-action is to dissolve those restraints and reserves which we naturally build up in our experience in life. The formation of the restraints and reserves is known as character-building.

To throw off restraint gives an appearance of stimulation, because it releases the lower tendencies otherwise held in check. A man under the influence of liquor may utter his utmost secrets. To do this freely is not an evidence of intellectual strength or of mental activity.

To cut off the head of a chicken will in the same fashion impel the bird to violent motor activity. But we do not call the process a "stimulant," for the activity thus produced is temporary and to no purpose.

The effect of alcohol as a depressant is the same in kind, whether the quantity taken be large or small. The difference between the glow of a glass of claret and the stupor of a wisky debauch is mainly one of degree.

Alcohol again has a specific effect on the nervous system as a disturber of accuracy. In this lies the joy of wine such as it is. It has a certain power "to drive dull care away," to erase "from the sad calendar unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday." It has the power of causing the nervous system to lie, to make one feel warm when he is cold, to make one feel good when he is not good, and by the same whim to bring about "a difference in the morning," a dark brown taste, a subjective wretchedness which is as unreal as the supposed joy which it inevitably follows.

The nervous system once taught to lie fails afterward to record the truth. This failure affects the three great mental processes alike—sensation, comparison and movement, observation, thought and action. It makes its victim uncertain as to what he sees or feels, hazy as to the meaning of his sensations and shaky when he carries his feeling or thought into action. Repeated saturation of the nervous system makes these difficulties chronic, and the fact is recorded by the fall of the victim in the respect of others. With this goes the more important loss of his own self-respect. The evil in this case is not primarily drunkenness, but nervous deterioration. Drunkenness is a spasm of the nervous system. In a sense, it is an effort of nature to throw off the evil. When alcohol ceases to make a man drunk, he is in a pretty bad way. He has lost his sensitiveness and is as little a normal man as if he were insensible to a hot iron or to contact with an icicle.

This is the fallacy inherent in the claim that the wine drinking countries are the models of temperance. The daily semi-saturation of the Italian laborer may be just as unwholesome as the occasional sprees of the Scottish farmer. The latter may be more unpleasant when in his cups, but he may likewise be more normal in the longer intervals between them. The statistics of Jean de Bloch show a higher percentage of deaths from alcoholism in France than in England, though England would doubtless show a larger visible percentage of drunkenness. Besides it is the countries of moderate drinking in which there is the greatest consumption of absinthe, and other alcoholic poisons, in which the drug appears in its most virulent form.

The truth is that while dilute alcohol is less harmful than alcohol not diluted, there is no amount of alcohol that has not its evil effect on the nerve structures of the body and therefore on the veracity of life. It is moreover a feature of the alcohol habit that it tends to grow with indulgence. The inebriate begins as a moderate drinker, though in most cases the moderate drinker does not become an inebriate. But every man who treats his nerves to alcohol suffers from the experience in greater or less degree.

It is doubtless true that many alcoholic drinks, notably whiskies, have been recklessly adulterated or that they may contain fusil oil or other poisonous volatile oils besides alcohol.

But chemists who have analyzed these beverages say that none of these poisons are more virulent than the alcohol itself. The great pharmacologist of London, Dr. Cushny, tells us that if alcohol were a new discovery, a synthetic drug from some German laboratory, its use in any form would be prohibited by law, as has been the case with the much more valuable drug cocaine. Besides its effect on the brain and nervous system, on the mind, sensation and motion, the functions of this system, we have alcohol as a general disturber of the processes of the body.

Most of these are modified somewhat, always for the worse, but the burdens on the kidneys, the liver and the arteries may be especially noted. The worn-out kidney appears as Bright's disease, the disintegrated liver as cirrhosis and the stiffened arteries as sclerosis, which means premature old age. Quite as important as the effect recently emphasized by Dr. Metschnikoff on the phagocytes of the blood. The phagocyte or germ destroying corpuscles in the blood constitute our chief protection against infectious diseases. The little plants which produce typhoid fever, tuberculosis, pneumonia, blood-poisoning, may find their way into the blood, to be devoured by the phagocytes, leaving us no record of their existence.

By alcohol these minute creatures are themselves destroyed, and the drinker, even in the most gentlemanly moderation, is more likely to fail before a bacterial infection, than is a total abstainer.

And with all this, the abstainer has the advantage of knowing that his pleasures are real, his joy strengthens his body and spirit and makes way for more happiness. For this is the test by which happiness is known. False pleasures, having their source in drugs, joys which burn also burn out, destroying the future possibility of joy. It was a poet once convivial who gave us the story of the "City of the Dreadful Night" and of the "time that crawl-

eth like a monstrous snake, wounded and slow and very venomous."

In an attack on alcohol as a beverage, it is now the physician and the physiologist who take the lead. It is admitted that a small amount of alcohol may be decomposed or digested by the gastric juice. To this degree and to this degree only, alcohol is a food. But all taken in excess of this food value is of the nature of poison. Whether alcohol is always a poison depends on your definition of poison. Any poison may be taken safely in quantities so small that the tissues can resist it. Strychnine, in minute quantities, is largely used as a "tonic." In fact, most called tonics consist of atoms of posion used to stimulate motor activity. If strychnine is always a poison, then alcohol is also. If strychnine tonics are excepted from this definition, we may except dilute alcohol in small quantities, by the same process of reasoning.

If the use of alcohol were a personal matter, its effects beginning and ending with the individual, the plea of personal liberty might be effective in letting each man decide on his own relation to it.

But the sale of alcohol has its public relations. If the operations of an inebriate or even those of a moderate drinker are so conducted as to endanger others, the whole matter becomes a concern of the public.

A drunken man is everywhere a social nuisance. Under most circumstances he is a source of bodily danger to his family and to the public at large.

In all lands drinking places are sources of danger. They lead children to drink. They make drunkards. They are the potent direct cause of the spread of poverty, crime, disease, feeblemindedness and insanity.

This is true of such places the world over, the wine-rooms of Italy, Spain and France, as well as of the Vodka-shops of Russia, the rum-holes of London, or the dives of New York. It was true of the state regulated orderly centers of evil under the respectable Goteborg system of Sweden as well as of the lidless resorts of the region "somwhere East of Suez where the best is like the worst."

Thus far, nobody has devised a permanently decent method of selling alcohol as a beverage. The German biergarten perhaps comes the nearest to this orderly ideal, but the biergarten is recognized as the source of ruin of thousands of young men and the temperance question is becoming as acute in some of the Universities of Germany as it ought to be in those of the United States.

The wine shops of Southern Europe do not improve on acquaintance, and the dignified officialism of the Swedish system is failing because drink makes drunkards, however honestly the process may be carried on.

There is plenty of exaggerated statement on both sides, so far as the influence of the lighter alcoholics is concerned. I believe that the weight of testimony is against them all, and the man who avoids them certainly does not feel that he has missed anything of value; but many good men—many of the best of men—take a contrary view, and this is not the primary question at issue.

"The fact that a glass of beer heightens the pleasure of eating constitutes a most important point in its favor." I do not myself find it so, but I fully admit this argument as one of value, and I admit also that its value is one each man must settle for himself.

I repudiate wholly the idea, that unless our emotions are artificially pumped up by alcohol they will be subject to atrophy. In the normal man, emotions should depend on adequate objective causes. Subjective emotions wear out the nervous system. In the words of Annie Payson Call, "Sham emotions torture, whether they be of love, religion or liquor." A sham emotion, or subjective emotion, is one cherished for its own sake, with no purpose that it shall ever be translated into action.

It is soberly claimed that the opium traffic is necessary for the welfare of China. Without his pipe-dream, the average Chinaman would never know joy. But it is never well for any man to think that he is having a good time when he is not. The function of the nervous system is to tell the truth. When it has been taught to lie, its worth as a guide to action is permanently impaired. The joys of alcohol, nicotine, opium, or any other nerve-affecting drug, belong to the fool's paradise. In the long run, sham emotions destroy as well as torture, "whether of love, religion or liquor."

The German word, "Auslosen," to loosen up, is well used by Mr. Heineman to express thce effects of alcohol. It dissolves or loosens up the restraints and reserves, the establishment of which in the individual is the main feature of "character-building." Character is the power to say, "No" when occasion requires. In conviviality, reserves are broken down, and no power or wit is stimulated. The Babel and babble of impulses which the sane man has under control are released. These are not stimulated, but set free. This explains why convivial men so enjoy each other's company, and why any degree of alcoholic enthusiasm is so painful to the man or sober mind. Surely, the man who abstains totally from alcoholic drinks is safer than the moderate drinker. I think it equally certian, that other things reasonably equal, he has greater joy in life than the man who seeks pleasure in unrealities which make for future depression.

But if the use of alcohol were confined to table use of beer and wines, with an occasional extra bottle in good company for refreshment or conviviality, the temperance movement would never have assumed its present militant character. The user of alcohol would fight out the question with his doctor or his employer, as is largely the case in Southern Europe. But it must be remembered that the drunkards of the world—and Latin Europe is no exception—are steadily recruited from the ranks of the moderate drinkers. The claim that no one becomes a drunkard who is not predestined to become such through hereditary weakness or hereditary appetite has no adequate foundation. There are a few such, foredoomed in a world crowded with useless and pernicious temptations, but for one of these there are a hundred who fall through ignorance, good fellowship and the weakness of good nature. As well say that weaklings, with women and children, are bound to fall through defective sidewalks, as an argument against safe walkways.

The other line of attack centers on the saloon and the bar-room. Not a word would be raised in defense of these monstrous abuses, as they exist in Great Britain and America, were it not for the money which is behind them. The saloon exists for the beer and whisky it can dispose of. The wine interests have little part in the bar-room. The more beer and whisky is sold, the less wine. The grosser evils attached to wine are mostly those of the Club room and the "French restaurant." The beer is the weakest of alcoholic beverages, but it is the most abused, the work of the barkeeper being to make it lead up to the stronger drinks. A glass of beer in good company is nobody's business. To force three-quarts of beer on a boy in one night becomes a social question. When that is

done (and this is no exaggeration of the experience of the vomiting youth who get their first experience of manhood in some saloon of the Brewer's Association) it is no wonder that the community arises to extirpate the public nuisance. In the prohibition movement of today, the business man is more prominent than the preacher, the employer of men more active than the "temperance crank," and the movement, based on economic necessities, has come to stay. No one save the brewers can save the saloon. They can save it only by making it innocuous. If it is made harmless, it will not bring in revenue. To destroy the financial motive in it constitutes a just way of selling alcoholic beverages. This is the motive of the Scandinavian system, which takes from the dealer all interest in the amount sold. But if official graft be brought into the matter, as seems to have been the case in the dispensaries of South Carolina, we have only substituted one evil for another.

In the saloon of today, as largely owned and managed by the brewers' association, we have:

1. A center of drunkenness and dissipation;

2. Around which cluster other vices, as gambling and lewdness.

3. The bartenders are not men of average integrity; and

4. The system is worked to the contamination of local politics. In the country, such saloons fall to the level of the uncontrolled "road-house." In the city there are many degrees, but the lowest and most common is "the dive."

5. The drinking place in every land is the open door to the brothel, the centre of the red plague, the two most offensive and dangerous diseases known to modern society.

In England, the condition is much the same, but rendered worse by the presence of the "barmaid," and by the recognition by the government that liquor-dealing in all its phases is a legitimate profession, which is not the case in America. The agitation, reasonable or unreasonable, against the liquor business, does not in any degree excuse the brewers, who own these places, from reforming them. They can clean them up with a word if they wish to. No one else can do it. They can make them law-abiding, and, what is better, urge more stringent laws. It is all in their hands. They can, if they choose, maintain establishments which sell beer and wine only, without the more dangerous and wholly poisonous distilled liquors. If there is any reform possible, no one places obstacles in the way of its acceptance by the brewery interests; but any reform would mean a reduced output and reduced profits, and no one, so far as I know, is in the beer or whisky business for his health.

The relation of drink to poverty, crime and venereal disease cannot be stated in a single paragraph. In America and Europe, a large part of the crime is instigated or aggravated by strong drink, and, accident excepted, there is not much poverty associated with temperate living. Excessive use of alcoholics is at once a cause, an effect and a symptom of personal decay, of the progress of weakening of will with mental and moral ineffectiveness.

The comparison of excessive drinking with gluttony and with the undue use of proteid food has but little pertinence. The use of alcoholic beverages is for the sake of the effect of a specific substance contained in them. This substance is a poison in itself, and poisonous if used in large amounts. It also creates a specific thirst to be assuaged only by the substance which creates the thirst. Gluttony is a result of ignorance or stupidity, and its ill effects are largely physical, more or less temporary, and vary with the substances concerned. No one eats an excess of beefsteak, for the uric acid it may contain, nor for the decaying residuum which may poison the colon. Nor is there any authority for ascribing any tangible amount of poverty and crime to over-eating. In general, a glutton uses an excess of alcohol, with his other excesses.

The claim that prohibition does not prohibit in the dry states has not much value.

In the first place, "dry" districts are surrounded by "wet" ones, and smuggling, legal or otherwise, is an easy process. Maine, for example, is full in summer of saturates and semi-saturates, who range its forests and throng its watering places. For their convenience, "blind pigs" exist in many places. Yet in cities, like Eastport, a young generation is growing up of boys who have never seen a saloon, and who have never been led along the graded course from weak drinks to strong, which our saloons supply.

The "blind pig" is an evil from the standpoint of law, a gross and monstrous evil. Every unenforced statute breeds evil. But, from the standpoint of society, it is the lesser of the evils of drink. When the generation of hard drinkers has passed away, the blind pig follows. In Kansas, for example, there is a rising generation which feels no need of alcohol, and has no interest in saloons. No statute is going to prevent the hard drinker from finding his alcohol. The patent medicine serves his purpose, if other agencies fail.

The corrosion of the saloons is mainly felt in the years from sixteen to twenty-four. If boys under twenty-one were shut out from them, more than half their evils would be abated. Thousands on thousands of boys step from the saloon to the brothel—not a long step—to be poisoned for life with the most loathsome of diseases, the parasites, animals and plants, the red plague, of which no one was ever certainly cured; and worse, the gonorrhoea and syphillis transferred from the guilty to the innocent, the involving sterility, disease and ultimately utter misery. Not many men or boys thus throw away their future when they are sober. Common sense, when a man is himself, generally controls both passion and curiosity. We hear sometimes of law-abiding saloons. It is even claimed that these are in the great majority. A saloon which is not law-abiding is simply a thug's nest, called in the city a "dive," in the country a "road-house." But a "law-abiding" saloon is little better. The law itself is saloon-made. The law recognizes as the first purpose of the saloon that of making money. It allows money to be made, even if it be blood-money, coined from the sorrow and distress of women and children, the slaughter of boys and the decay and disease of men.

It is true that in wine-drinking Italy, beer-drinking Bavaria, and other regions where light alcoholics prevail, visible drunkenness is relatively rare. It is certainly true that in a region which offers light alcoholics only, and where these are not pushed hard under a get-rich-quick system, the people are more sober than in regions where whisky, brandy, cognac and absinthe are everywhere accessible. The absence of distilled liquors, not the prevalence of fermented liquors, is the real agency in temperance. In regions where children grow up without knowledge of alcohol, you will find a still better record. But there are few regions which have been "dry" for a generation, and commercial interests forces alcohol into every

will or not. Abstinence has never had a fair test in this matter. Meanwhile, we may freely admit that wine and beer are relatively innocuous, when they do not lead up directly to the stronger drinks. When they do, even in Latin America, the results are no better than in whisky-drinking regions. The effects of brandy on workmen in Paris is the motif of Zola's "Assommoir." All forms of strong drink constitute a devourer — assommoir — whatever the country or race. The actual relation of wine to temperance in Southern Europe has never been adequately studied. The problem is not a simple one, and the mere fact that there is less visible drunkenness where dilute alcohol is a daily beverage, tells but a small part of the story. The daily partial saturation carries its burden on brain and kidneys and phagocytes (white corpuscles) while on the other hand the spasms of excess are relatively less common. This is a problem of physiology and pharmacology, as well as of social science, and the off-hand answers usually given to it do not advance us very far. In general, we may admit that extreme statements on the side of abstinence have often done much harm to the cause of temperance. We may admit that obedience to "the rule of not too much" would take the sting out of the most denunciations of drink, and we may further admit the honesty and intelligence of those who differ from us in theory and in practice.

Yet, with all allowances, there is much hard practical truth in these words, which Robert W. Chambers put in the mouth of his honest physician. Addressing a young clubman, he says:

"Alcohol is a poison, and it has not and never had in any guise the slightest compensating value for internal use. It isn't a food. It is a poison. It isn't an aid to digestion. It is a poison. It is not a life-saver. It is a life-taker. It is a parasite, forger, thief, liar, brutalizer, murderer. There isn't and there never has been one word to say for it, or any excuse except morbid predisposition or self-inculcated inclination for swallowing it. You can take your choice."

Alcohol can drive no dull care away, except that which itself produces. It can dispel no gloom save those unwholesome vapors, which ought never to be present in a clean brain and a normal mind. It can give no joy save for the time being to make the brain insensible to its own evil traces. And this applies to the cheering effects of the choicest wines as well as to the use of beer, whisky or absinthe. There are differences of degrees, very great differences indeed, but no difference of importance in the kind of effect.

The finest piece of mechanism ever put together in this world is the human brain. It is made of millions of little centers of energy, the finest work of all chemistry and these all put together so as to give the greatest marvel in the Universe, human consciousness.

Just how the brain and the mind are related no one knows, and so no one need try to tell. This we know: the mind is the man. Without mind the man has nothing, is nothing but a man of unpleasant flesh. All our possessions are possessions of the mind: all our achievements are the mind's work. And whatever injures the brain in any way

has a corresponding effect on the mind. If harm comes to the brain the mind is gone. The brain, sheltered in a solid box of bone, sitting in darkness, knows through the wisdom of the senses something of the truth of things about us. In this truth rests the sanity and safety of life. All the mind knows the brain receives through these senses. Their testimony it can compare, and its conclusions go over into action. All the brain can do is to act, and the soundness and safety of action depend on the soundness and accuracy of perception and of thought.

This wonderful instrument, the brain, brings us fragments of the eternal truth in the things as they are. It holds a record of all we have known, and it holds the key to all that all men have known. It can foretell the future by the past, and it may be trained to recognize order and beauty and fitness of all grades.

It is the most precious possession of each of us because it holds all other possessions. Every act and every deed which forces the brain to lie to us, to tell us we feel exhilarated when depressed impairs for us the value of this brain. It is the truth which we need in the conduct of life. Only truth can make us free.

I have sometimes said to young men:

Your highest duty of today, outweighing all others, is so to live that the man you ought to be, shall in his time be possible, be actual. Away off there in the future, 1920, 1930, 1940, the man you ought to be is waiting for time to go on, for the world to turn around, for your life to blend into his

Will you live in such a way that this man may be wise in your experiences, may rejoice at your joys, be happy with your friends, or will you, wanton-like, throw it all away, destroy his inehritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you decree that the man you ought to be shall never, so long as the earth shall last, shall never have the chance to exist?

If we can give the boys and young men in our charge a realizing sense of the strength of a clean mind, and its value in their own lives, we shall do all that we can hope in the direction of "Scientific Temperance."

SEVEN CITIES — THEIR DIFFICULTIES, THEIR DREAMS, THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS, AS SEEN BY A VACATION WANDERER.

Rochester. "Do It for Rochester."

(From a Series of Sunday Evening Sermons by Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.)

I took a rather unusual vacation this summer. Instead of going to the seashore or up into the beautiful meadow lands of the high Sierras, I crossed the continent and plunged into the cities of the East during what everybody assured me was the severest season of the hot weather experienced for thirty years. But in spite of the heat I found a great many things to interest me and have tried to bring back some wisdom and inspiration from what I have seen. One of the most encouraging things in this day in which we are living is the emergence of a new patriotism. We have had state loyalty; we have had national patriotism (how splendidly it was set forth in the days of the civil war!) but today there is a new kind of patriotism arising—it is civic patriotism. It has to do with making the city in which we live a cleaner, better, more wholesome, more attractive place. Each city that I visited this summer possessed this civic patriotism. It took different forms in different cities. Some cities were strong where others were weak; but everywhere I found a group of men tremendously in earnest about the practical solution of the great outstanding problems of city life.

This series of addresses is not superficially religious. I did not make the distinctly religious enterprises my main object of investigation. I was trying to get in touch with

all forms of civic welfare work. But, while on the surface these addresses are not religious, I believe that in the deeper sense they are, and that the things which I have to report are the fruitage, albeit the often unconscious fruitage, of the Christian spirit. Certainly such things as I have seen this summer are not the characteristic output of non-Christian civilization.

Rochester, New York, is a city of 218,000 inhabitants, or about the size of Oakland and Berkeley together. They have a motto there, "Do it for Rochester," which is indicative of the new spirit of civic patriotism. But they have more than a motto; they have people who are actually at work doing things in a broad constructive unselfish way for the city in which they live.

First of all I found a church which it seemed to me was doing a great deal for Rochester. It is the old Brick Presbyterian Church. It is situated in the downtown part of the city. Its membership is steadily moving out into the suburbs, but it has not deserted its downtown parish. Instead of doing so it has remained manfully on the field and has tried to so adapt its work and its methods of expressing religion that it might lay hold on the people, many of them foreigners, moving into its immediate vicinity. Adjoining the beautiful edifice there is a fine four-story brick building called "The Brick Church Institute." This building contains a swimming pool, bowling alleys, billiard and pool rooms, social rooms, gymnasium, assembly hall and two floors of dormitories for young men. All sorts of activities go on here. A part of the large Brick Church Sunday-school holds its sessions in this building. The Women's organizations of the church meet here to sew and to study missions. There are swimming classes for boys and for girls and gymnasium classes for both men and women. A large Men's Club meets here once a month for dinners and addresses and discussions afterward. An enthusiastic Boys' Club with a membership considerably over 500 here enjoys the privilege of playing games, of using the gymnasium and going in swimming. In connection with the Boys' Club an employment bureau is conducted and a "Penny Providence Savings' Bank" has started many a youngster on the way to a real bank account. One section of this club called "The Saws and Hammers" is at work on Manual Training in wood, and another section called "The Indians" works in basketry and chair caning. A dozen of the young men and women of the church assist in the conduct of this Boys' Club, which is made up very largely of poor boys, many of them earning their own way selling newspapers and following other street trades. Surely, a church which in so practical and vigorous a fashion is trying to minister to the thronging life about its doors, demonstrates that "Do it for Rochester" is not merely an empty phrase.

I was also impressed with the fact that the Playground people have been doing something for Rochester. The playground movement started in 1903 when a little group of men and women, one of them an elder in the Brick Presbyterian Church, organized the Playground League. This league still maintains one playground in a most congested section of the city, but its main achievement has been to stimulate the Park Commission and the school board to take up the playground work, with the result that Rochester stands today in the front rank of American cities in regard to its playgrounds.

They have emphasized in Rochester that a playground is more a matter of personality than of apparatus. They tried to start a playground in Brown square and the people of the neighborhood objected. They had an idea that a playground meant the square would be filled with a howling mob of children who would disturb their peace and quiet and destroy adjacent property. The attempt to establish a playground was temporarily given up. But a kindergartner was sent to Brown Square to quietly organize the children and play games with them. This so won the approval of the people of the community who saw that the playground movement meant organized and directed play and good order rather than riot, that they, of their own motion, petitioned for the establishment of the playground. The same playground with its swings and sandboxes, with its basket-ball and indoor baseball court, with its field house and large wading pool was crowded with happy children the day I visited Rochester.

Francis Lavery, foreman of the New York Central freight yard which adjoins Brown Square, made the following statement to the supervisor of the playground after its establishment: "You deserve to be congratulated on the work you are doing. Since the playground has been established we have had very little trouble with the children in the freight yard. Before the playground was established we were at our wits end because of children playing in the freight yard, climbing on to cars, running into the freight house, jumping aboard moving trains, stealing things from cars and buildings. Now we are no longer troubled in any way. Why, we recently undertook some improvements, a thing which would have attracted scores of mischievous youngsters to destroy and run off with our material and disturb the workmen but scarcely a child came to look on. They were all busy in the playground."

From the police court comes the following report regarding juvenile arrests: "From June 17th to September 11th, 1904, in the adjoining precinct there were forty-seven arrests. The following year, after the establishment of the playground in Brown Square, the number of arrests fell to twenty-five, a decrease of 46 4-5 per cent.

The most distinctive thing about the playground movement in Rochester has been its development of the larger use of school buildings. Eight or ten of the school buildings are now being used as social centers and all the newer buildings that are being constructed are built with large auditoriums on the ground floor, easily accessible to the street and with kitchens and other equipment for using the school building as a social center. The auditoriums will seat as many as twelve hundred people and have stage equipment so that amateur dramatic performances can be given. At these social centers clubs and classes, entertainments, dances and social gatherings are given during the winter. And, after all, why shouldn't the school building be so constructed and administered that it can be used as a center for the social life of the people of the community? We are coming to realize that education is a much bigger matter than book learning, that play is a real part of education and that one of the worst perils of our city life is the commercialization of amusements and the lack of adequate wholesome social life. Surely the people who have blazed the way for a new conception of the uses of a school building have done something for Rochester and for all the rest of us.

But the most striking and dramatic civic welfare work which is being done in Rochester seemed to me to be that of the very efficient board of health under the leadership of Dr. Goler. In the decade from 1887 to 1896 there were 7,451 children who died under the age of five years. In the decade from 1897 to 1906, though the city increased

largely in population, there were only 4,965 children who died under the age of five years. Moreover, while in the decade from 1887 to 1896, 1222 children under five died during July, only 540 children of the same age died during July in the decade of 1897 to 1906. The secret of the saving of these hundreds of little lives is the energetic and scientific action of Dr. Goler and his assistants in the City Health Office in Rochester, N. Y. Dr. Goler discovered that the death rate among infants was particularly high in July and August and concluded that this high death rate was due in no small degree to impure milk. He began his clean milk campaign with the result in the saving of children's lives indicated in figures given above.

The clean milk campaign has had many sides to it. One was the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. There was no legal authority to enforce this test but twenty per cent of the producers applied for it voluntarily. Of the cows tested twelve per cent reacted and were killed. Another side of the work has been the education of the farmers along the lines of cleanliness in caring for their stables and milking rooms. Inspectors from the Health Bureau visit all milk producers and mark their equipment on a percentage basis as to cleanliness, ventilation, use of small top pails, sterilizing utensils, etc. The Health Department has, in addition, maintained a model farm where all utensils were sterilized, all milking done in small top pails, the milkers dressed in washable suits, and the cows' udders washed before milking and the milk put up in sterilized bottles. The milk from this model farm is then sent to the seven public milk stations established in the city, especially for the sake of the babies. All milk is modified so as to be adpated for children of different ages and is put up in nursing bottles ready to use and sold at eight cents a quart. Circulars in seven different languages, telling mothers what to feed their children (and what not to feed them) and generally giving modern scientific instruction on the care and feeding of infants, have been prepared and are distributed at these milk stations which, by the way, are conducted in the public schools—another example of the larger use of school buildings. Each station is in charge of one or more trained nurses who visit babies that are ill and give mothers personal help and instruction The result was that through these milk stations last year 538 babies were cared for and only 12 of them died—a very remarkable showing. Dr. Goler, in his report, says, "When the milk depots were organized and objection raised against them was that the milk would be used by a lot of children that would better die anyhow. This selfish criticism is not worthy of answer. If, however, it were true that the milk would be used solely by the poor people and people in moderate circumstances the answer is, that the milk stations were really designed for such people. But it is a fact that all classes of people patronize the milk stations. To get milk they ride on bicycles for miles and people even send in from neighboring Lake resorts, all smiling grateful for the milk they receive from the stations. Best of all, however, is the real gratitude expressed by the poorer people when they are shown by the nurses a few simple rules in the booklet and are given the milk at a cost of a few cents a day. As one mother, anxious for living children, said, 'May God bless you. I have lost three children with summer complaint and I think the milk book kept my fourth baby.' "

Surely a board of health which is not lost in the dreary monotony of routine, but which can take hold of a problem like infant mortality and do such intelligent and successful work in solving it has lived up to the motto, "Do it for Rochester."

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

The Rev. Dr. John Clifford, the English Baptist leader, spent several weeks in this country this year. On his return to London a representative of the British Congregationalist interviewed him as to the trend of religious thought.

"Everywhere," said Dr. Clifford, "I found that the trend, both in Canada and the States, is forward. The churches have of course their difficulties and their perils, but they realize their wonderful opportunities. Especially is this the case in Canada, where the rapid growth of the cities affords immense opportunity for religious activity.

"It seems to me that the churches are thoroughly awake to their privileges in this direction, and are intent upon making the best of them.

"So far as I was able to judge, there is a general broadening on all hands of the theological and biblical outlook, combined undoubtedly with fidelity to the substance of the evangelical faith.

"In the matter of church polity, the trend is obviously democratic, and I should be inclined to say that the atmosphere both in the States and Canada, is somewhat uncongenial to the Episcopalian form of church life. The consequence of this is that there is greater freedom on the part of the Anglicans in their fellowship with other churches than is possible in England. There is no establishment in either country—except in the province of Quebec, where Roman Catholicism is practically the State church—and the absence of a privileged denomination facilitiates intercourse between the different churches."

The New American Language.

According to the British Congregationalist Dr. Clifford was greatly amused at the new language which is developing in this country.

"The president of the University of Chicago," said Dr. Clifford, "described someone to me as a 'grouchy' person. I have been studying language for over sixty years, but I had never come across the word, and asked what it meant. 'Oh,' said the president, ' "grouchy" simply means an individual who is always bitter, always grumbling.' 'Oh,' I said, 'it is the sort of man that I should describe as an unripe gooseberry.'

"What do you think of this," the doctor continued, "describing a man's wife and children as part of his outfit? I protested. I would not have my wife regarded as part of my outfit. 'Oh,' they said, 'you don't understand.' No, I did not, but on inquiry I found that it had its origin in the pioneer days on the prairie, when everything in a man's wagon—his wife and children, his boxes and his trunks—were all described under the comprehensive term 'outfit.' But it has such a savour of the mediaeval, barbarous times when a wife was her husband's chattel, that I would not introduce it into this country on any account.

"Then they talk about a man being a 'yapper.' What is a 'yapper'? I was told that it describes the emission of a disagreeable, unintelligible sound. 'Ah,' I said, I have heard of people of that sort'; and as soon as I got back into this country I discovered that you had a visitation of yappers in the House of Commons last Monday.

"Another expression I liked very much. They don't talk about sticking to a thing—they 'stay with' it.' That

phrase also comes from the prairies. When a man was seated on a bucking horse that attempted to throw him, his fellows urged him to 'stay with it.' So the phrase stood for perseverance and for those other qualities which go to the making of a man."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Long Beach.—The first Sunday of August one person was welcomed into church fellowship on profession of faith. The regular communion service will be the first of next month.

Paradise.—The little church at Paradise was favored in June and July with some good preaching by Rev. Messrs. Rathbone and Kirtland, during the absence of the pastor in the East. The preaching and the preachers and their families were thoroughly enjoyed by the people, and they will be heartily welcomed when they come again. It was too bad that Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone should pick up some floating germs of fever and ague left by some wandering valleyites. Such things don't belong here in the hills.

Little Shasta.—Through the gracious generosity of friends in the First Church, Oakland, Mrs. Douilas and daughter spent the month of July in that city. The day before their departure from Little Shasta, the Ladies' Aid Society gave them a surprise reception and presented them with $25, beside other individual gifts.

San Luis Obispo.—Last Thursday evening the wife of the pastor at San Luis Obispo was given a surprise in honor of her birthday. She had planned to go out with the members of the C. E. for a little picnic supper at the foot of the mountain, but on arriving at the church was welcomed by the members of the Aid Society and the C. E. young people, who piled her arms full of flowers. Supper was served to the guests, between fifty and sixty in number, and a very pleasant time was had. Mrs. Boller was the recipient of numerous presents, among them several fine phonograph records from the C. E.

Calexico, Imperial Valley.—Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Glasby recently gave a musicale at their home. Most of those present were pioneers so the atmosphere was full of congeniality, so necessary to musical temperaments, when at their best. The leading soprano soloist had studied music in San Diego and Los Angeles for years. Were she not a housewife she could easily take her place in the concert hall. The leading base was for years on the stage as a professional singer. Mr. Glasby's voice, though not strong, is unusually sweet and sympathetic. While in Chicago he was a member of Moody's College Boys' Choir and during his University days he sang in the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis. Mrs. Glasby was assisted in accompanying by a young lady violinist, a member of San Diego Orchestra, now home on a vacation. The ability of other friends present gave opportunity for male quartets, female quartets, duets, choruses and other musical combinations, all of a high class order. The social life on the desert is one of the most potent factors a public benefactor has to deal with and the home of the "Glasbys" has for six years been a musical and social center. The recently organized band in Calexico invited Mr. Glasby not only to become a member, but a leader as well

OREGON.

Eugene.—The Rev. A. M. Spangler has arrived from Eureka, Kansas, to enter on the pastorate of the First Congregational Church. Rev. W. A. Pinkerton, who resigned early this year on account of ill health, has gone on a ranch near Grant's Pass.

A WORD FROM THE REGISTRAR.

The National Year Book is in the hands of every Congregationalist pastor and clerk in the country. It will be noted the report for Northern California contains a number of blanks. The Registrar wishes to state that he sent two or more letters to every church, which was not prompt in reporting; also published a belated list in the Pacific. This statement is made for the purpose of urging prompt replies when the blank reports are sent out for next Year Book. Denominational loyalty, as well as pride in the local church, should impel every clerk and pastor to see that all reports are in promptly, with figures carefully noted and columns correctly added.

An error was made, presumably by the Registrar, in printing the report of Alameda First. She has a total of 305 members instead of 203. (There being 102 male and 203 female resident members.)

The Registrar wishes to be reminded of the names of any of our ministers who have passed away since the Porterville meeting, except Brother Scudder and Brother Jones; also prominent Congregational laymen, if any. Also the names of church clerks and treasurers elected this year.

CHAS. C. CHAMPLIN, Registrar.

Congregational Headquarters, Mechanics' Savings' Bank Building, Market and Mason Sts., S. F.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Last Tuesday, August 22, was opening day in the Pacific Theological Seminary and at the same time the first day of active service of the new President, Dr. Nash.

The president's address was short, pithy and to the point. He spoke of the narrow quarters in which the opening exercises had to be held and looked forward to a time in the near future when the seminary would possess a more commodious building, more in keeping with the importance and influence of Pacific Congregationalists. He spoke of the many advantages of the location of the seminary in such a beautiful city close to one of the grandest universities in the land, the library and apparatus of which were at the use of seminary students. He referred to the rare fellowships the students could form in such a location, and showed how great an uplift there ought to be to students whose daily associations might be if they will, with some of the greatest thinkers of the land, and he hoped that the students might dream dreams like these do and see visions as these do, and endeavor like these, too, to carry them out in active life, for the student is not to work for self or live for self, but to work and live for the ages.

The address of the day was delivered by Dr. Buckam, who, having just returned from his European tour, told us of the differences existing between the condition of church and theology as it exists in the different countries of Europe and the condition of the same in the United

States. It was a masterly effort and the writer will not attempt to give a synopsis. The Doctor will be very earnestly solicited to give the whole address for a future issue of the Pacific, as it deserves wide circulation.

The Home.

WHAT I ASK.

Not more of light I ask, O Lord,
  But eyes to see what is;
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
  The present melodies.

Not greater strength, but how to use
  The power that I possess;
Not more of love, but still to turn
  A frown to a caress.

Not more of joy, but power to feel
  Its kindling presence near;
To give to others all I have
  Of courage and of cheer.

Give me all fears to dominate
  All holy joys to know;
To be the friend I wish to be,
  To speak the truth I know.

—Florence Holbrook.

WHERE ECONOMY SHOULD BEGIN.

In about ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred where women set out to economize they begin on one, or all three of the following items: Food, subscriptions to church and charity, the reading matter of the family. Almost always these three items of household expense are the ones revised and reconstructed, and they are the very ones which should be touched last in most cases. Not that many housewives could not profitably rearrange their food supplies and perhaps cut off a little expense, nor that the generous impulses of more prosperous days should never suffer with the decline of prosperity, nor that occasionally there are too many magazines and newspapers in a home, but rather that the mistress of the house, who is the financier of the family, should look about for wiser means of being economical before getting at the things most commonly made to suffer.

If cutting down on the living expenses becomes necessary, it should always begin with the amusements. As a nation we seem to have gone pleasure mad, so a little cutting down here and there will do positive good, not only in the matter of saving money, but of getting down to sane living as well. One worried, anxious mother cut the milk supply down from two quarts to one pint in her efforts to save money, and stopped all the magazines, but the children had five cents each three times a week to attend the picture shows. She couldn't bear to deprive them of that pleasure, she said, but she could and did deprive them of the milk so necessary to their health. They were delicate, nervous youngsters, whom the excitement of the shows did positive harm, yet they must go because other children did. A very sensible mother found that by cutting down the money for shows, ice cream, sodas and candy she could afford to buy pure cream for her family and thus save on the meat bills. She found out that, not only were the household expenses decreased, but the whole family gained in health and happiness, while she had more time for rest and real recreation. They lived on cereals, bread and milk, and other simple foods, so the housework was much lightened.

Another item that will safely bear cutting down in the average family is that of clothes. A few tucks and ruffles and laces eliminated will not injure the health of mother or children, and stronger, heavier fabrics that will last longer, save time and labor as well as money. The baby will not suffer if kept free from frills and embroideries, though it may hurt his fond mother's pride; nor will the little boys and girls grieve if they are not "dressed up" from morning till night. A suit of rompers and a little freedom from starch is appreciated by every child. Likewise, it is easy and profitable to save on the garments of the adults. To wear a hat two seasons instead of one, or a pair of sleeves a trifle out of date, is not a heavy burden to a sensible woman. The average housekeeper can not afford to dress in the extreme of fashion, so, if everything is neat and well made, a little lapse from the prevailing mode will not injure her self-respect.

Then, if the expense of entertaining can be cut down, there will be another substantial increase to the family purse. It is almost impossible to find an account of even the most simple social gathering in the daily paper without the significant sentence, "The hostess served elaborate refreshments," or some similar expression. The time was when children could get together for an afternoon's fun and be perfectly satisfied with a rosy apple apiece or a pop-corn ball; but that time is in the dim and remote past. Nowadays, the children must have a "luncheon" and favors and decorations and souvenirs and only the weary mothers know what not. Of course the children are not the only ones who must have elaborate refreshments, and all manner of card and social clubs have sprung up like mushrooms to make demands upon the family purse. Where father belongs to a lodge or two, and mother to a club or two, and the children to their own particular organizations, the drain upon the housekeeping funds is steady and deep. It takes courage and tact to cut down on refreshments, but the woman who does it will win the thanks and admiration of her timid neighbors who are straining every nerve to keep abreast of the demands; and, what is more, she will help improve the health of her family and her neighbors. The child who eats ice cream and cake at four in the afternoon is peevish and irritable at supper time, and cannot eat healthy, hearty food, and usually the night's rest is disturbed. If the same child had munched a rosy apple at the afternoon's fun, he would have gone home with a hearty appetite and a capacity for sleep and play that nothing would disturb. Usually, the only way to cut down expenses in this line that suggests itself to the worried housekeeper is to withdraw from all social affairs. This is entirely unnecessary if she will take her pride in hand and serve things suited to her purse. In a very short time people will begin to say, "If Mrs. G—— can serve fruit to her guests instead of cake and ice cream, I can do it,

too." And so it goes the rounds, and the whole circle is relieved of a heavy burden.

And, if to crown all, the wasting of money because of false ideas of what must be done is stopped, the expense account will be cut down very greatly. A young mother looking over the gifts sent to her new daughter recently groaned aloud and said, "And all these things will have to bepaid back!" That is the way it goes. The poor child had seventeen embroidered bibs, a dozen caps, and so on through the list of useless garments. The friends of the proud mother felt that they must send something, and she in turn will have to labor to repay them all; so the wearisome round of money-wasting is kept up. Christmas becomes a burden because of the people who must be remembered, when perhaps those very people are hoping that you will have the courage to forget and thus release them from thir burdens. Flowers must be sent to the funerals of people we have never seen, and gifts to people who have big church weddings just for the gifts they will bring in, and so on through the list; but, instead of cutting down on these things, the worried housekeeper scans the pages of the household magazines for directions to cut down on food supplies, and she borrows the magazine from a neighbor, too!

If any housekeeper gets an economical streak either from choice or necessity, let her begin on the non-essentials and see what can be done. She will find the game a very fascinating one, if the trifle hard at times; but she will make her life sweeter and more profitable to herself and her family, and she also will help every other home and housekeeper about her.—Hilda Richmond.

FAMILY MANNERS MADE BETTER.

Complaint Box Helps to Make Things Run More Smoothly.

Underlying politeness is consideration for others. Conventional rules are not arbitrary. They have grown up, imperceptibly, little by little, during hundreds of years, just as the common law which obtains in our courts has grown. Reasons of convenience and comfort are under good form, and it is that the wheels of family and social machinery may run without friction that we may have rules for the daily life.

Mere deportment may be of little worth. It may be a veneer, easily cracked, soon broken. What we need is that gentleness which refuses to wound another's feelings, that thoughtful love which can take another's place; in short, we need considerateness as the basis of politeness. Thus, at the table, good manners requires that people should be pleasant, not glum and morose. A meal taken in silence and hurry, when the first effort of every one is to get fed and get away, is not a meal where table manners are correct.

Equally, wherever people interrupt each other rudely trying to take and hold the floor, where there is fault-finding or criticism of the food, table manners are violated. Any fault-finding by anybody, anywhere in the home, for any reason, is a distinct attack on the home's tranquility, and a fracture of good manners.

A lady was much disturbed by the tendency of her husband and children to find fault. So she set up a complaint box. The box, labeled duly, was installed in a convenient place, and there every one who had a complaint to make of the food, the housekeeping, or anything at all, was told to drop in a slip of folded paper. The complaint must be made in writing.

If somebody thought that baked beans appeared too often or that there might be pies and puddings more frequently, he or she could say so. The bread or butter, if not quite up to the mark, could be mentioned in the little note of the aggrieved one.

One Sunday, after the midday dinner, the complaint box was opened. All complaints were read by the father of the family, and were discussed freely. If they were held to be justified they were passed to the mother, who promised to set them right in the future. If they were not justified the person who made them paid a fine. Fines in the aggregate went to a fresh air fund, to send children from town with their mothers into the country.—Margaret E. Sangster.

SOFT VOICE IS TO BE DESIRED.

American Women Undervalue This Potent Means of Charm.

A good-speaking voice is a joy; yet how few people possess or cultivate such a voice! If mothers would only stop to think how much a good speaking voice means few of them would neglect to cultivate it in their children. Mothers, wide awake to the interest of their children, willing to make sacrifices to develop desirable qualities in them, seem never to think that a harsh or shrieking voice in a girl will seriously detract from her other good qualities, however admirable they may be. Beauty of face and form, and accomplishments won by education and travel make slight impression on the refined person if a harsh, loud voice come with it all.

Men are far more sensitive than girls realize to the speaking voice: that is, men of culture and refinement. One often hears men say: "Yes, she is a stunning girl, very clever and entertaining—but her voice! One cannot stand that very long; it would drive one to distraction." Or, again, one hears: "What a homely girl she is!" And in answer: "Yes, to be sure, she is plain, but it is a joy forever to hear her voice. One never tires of listening to what she has to say just to hear her voice."

It is deplorable that our American girls so generally let their voices go untrained and unrestrained. Henry James in an address to the students of Bryn Mawr, dwelt at length and with emphatic exhortation on this deficiency. How grave it is one can judge best, when quietly in a corner looking on at a gathering of young people, or, indeed, at almost any party. In any group of girls or women there are such shrieks and cries and loud laughter, as though each were seeking to outdo every other, that the clamor at times is unendurable. If the observer be a foreigner of good breeding, he is apt to misjudge our girls and to think them ill bred. They are in most cases well bred girls, of good homes and good antecedents, only their voices have never been cultivated to gain a pleasing quality.

An American girl tells this story. When crossing the ocean after a summer abroad she met a cultured Englishman. After an hour's talk together the gentleman surprised our young woman by saying: "I cannot believe you are an American." "Why not?" the young woman asked. "Because your voice charmed me long before I met you! I did not know an American could possess so soft and pleasing a voice." Imagine what impression the average American traveler's voice makes on European ears!

The writer had opportunity in England and Scotland to attend large social gatherings and to notice in railway stations and hotel parlors groups of men and women, and

large family circles and their friends together. There was only a soft hum, a mellow blending of voices, which did not irritate one or grate on the finer sense. It was such a relief as should make us Americans wish that we also could develop pleasing voices in our children, so that they could grow up to know nothing else. How much better the impression of us would be upon our English cousins, and how much more delightful, restful and less wearing our social intercourse would be!—Indianapolis News.

ABSENCE.

The shortest absence brings to every thought
Of those we love a solemn tenderness.
It is akin to death. We now confess,
Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought,
That they were dearer far than we had taught
Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less
Than hope of their return could cheer or bless
Our weary days. We wonder how for aught
Or all of fault in them, we could heed
Or anger with their loving presence near,
Or wound them by the smallest word or deed.
Dear absent love of mine! It did not need
Thy absence to tell me thou wert dear,
And yet the absence maketh it more clear.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Our Young People

HIS MOTHER.

We sit in one big chair, for mother's little,
And rock and talk, all in the firelight's glow.
She pats my hand—perhaps you think it's funny—
It's somehow easier to visit so.
She loves to read the very books that I do,
That tell of Launcelot, and all the rest;
She thinks that Charlemagne was such a hero,
But maybe Bayard, bravest knight, was best.

She knows about the school, and what I study;
She likes the boys, remembers nicknames, too.
I tell her everything that I am doing—
Why, bedtime comes before we're nearly through!
She's glad that I am a boy, and growing taller;
She isn't sorry that my hair does curl.
My mother is not like a grown-up lady;
I'm sure she always seems just like a girl.

—Alex Thorn.

WHAT BECAME OF THE ARK?

It is so late at night that the stars are shining brightly in at the nursery window. Bobby and Betty are sound asleep in their cribs. On the hearth by the nursery fire stands a huge Noah's ark. It is made of wood and painted yellow and red on the outside, with green and gold trimmings on the roof. It is a very beautiful Noah's ark.

From the inside of the ark there comes a growling and hissing and muttering and chattering, very much like the noise that is made by the animals in a zoo. At last one of the windows in the ark swings open, and the giraffe, an animal with a very long neck, puts out his head and looks all about the nursery.

The Giraffe: "The council may be called. Bobby and Betty are asleep; the soldiers are in the attic, and the Indians are left out in the garden tonight."

The door of the ark opens, and a number of animals come out in a long line. There is a Bear with a pole to hold when he dances. There is a yellow Lion with a long mane. There is a fierce looking Tiger with stripes and a Leopard who has spots. There is a red Cow, and there are a few other small beasts—Sheep, and Dogs, and Pigs, and a Cat. The Giraffe follows at the end of the line, carefully closing the door of the ark behind him. The beasts all sit down in a circle on the nursery hearth to hold a council.

The Tiger, who is the council chief: "The beasts may stand in order, beginning with the bear. Each may tell what has happened to him."

The Bear: "There was a company child in the nursery today. The company child wanted to play with me at the same time that Bobby wanted me. The company child pulled me, and Bobby pulled me, too. They broke my dancing pole."

The Tiger to the Bear: "Did you ever pull Bobby?"

The Bear: "No."

The Tiger: "Very good; you may be seated. The Lion is next."

The Lion: "Betty has pulled out some of my mane to sew on the rag doll's head for hair."

The Tiger: "Does Betty like to have her mane pulled?"

All the animals: "No, indeed!"

The Tiger, to the Lion: "Sit down. What has the Leopard to say?"

The Leopard, who shows when he stands up that all of his spots are not the right color: "Bobby painted me with the nursery paints today. He gave me purple and pink and green spots."

The Tiger: "That is a thing a child should never do. What has the Cow to tell us?"

The Cow: "I no longer have horns. I was dropped the whole length of the front stairs today, and at the foot, when the children picked me up, they found that my horns were both gone and one of my legs was broken."

The Tiger: "Bobby and Betty should not drop their toys. What has happened to the Giraffe this afternoon? I noticed that he ate no supper."

The Giraffe, coming forward and choking as he tries to speak: "Honorable chief of the council, you know I have a mouth that really opens with a spring. Bobby fed me peanuts today, and wads of paper and buttons. They are all sticking in my throat.

The Tiger: "Toys should never be fed. I saw Betty once take off the French Doll's hair that she might feed her cake through the top of her head. The doll was taken away from Betty at once. The Elephant may speak next."

There is no sound in the council. The Elephant is not there. He did not come with the other animals from the ark.

The Tiger: "Where is the Elephant? Has any one seen the Elephant?"

One of the Pigs: "I saw him in the back yard this morning, harnessed to Bobby's fire engine."

One of the Dogs: "I saw the Elephant this afternoon drawing the toy milk wagon."

The Cat, who has not been allowed to speak before,

because she is so small: "I saw the Elephant just before tea. He had been put in the toy sailboat and he was out sailing in the brook. He was too heavy for the boat, and it leaked before he was put in it. He was sinking."

All the animals, wringing their paws: "The Elephant is drowned! The Elephant is drowned!"

The Tiger: "Hush! the Elephant knows how to swim. He will make his escape. He will go back to the jungle, and there he will live happily with the tribe again."

The Bear: "Let us follow the Elephant. Let us go back to the jungle!"

All the animals: "We will go back and live with the tribe again."

The animals break council and follow the Tiger, who leads them all into the ark.

The door of the ark is closed, and the Giraffe looks out of the windows to see that none of the other toys is awake. All the toys seem to be sleeping, so the Giraffe closes the window.

Then the ark sails away. Perhaps it sails up the chimney the way it came down when Santa Claus brought it. Perhaps it sails through the nursery window. Perhaps it sails out of the open door and down the front stairs. No one is perfectly sure which way the ark sails because no one sees it go, but it carries the animals all back to their tribes in the jungle.

It is morning. Bobby wakes up, and thinks he will play with the Noah's ark animals a little while before he is dressed. He cannot find the ark. The nurse comes in to dress Bobby. She says that the ark may have been taken away in the evening to be mended.

But the nurse does not know. Only the child who reads this story will know what truly became of the ark.—Carolyn S. Bailey in The Continent.

HOW CONRAD WAS SAVED.

Norway has a village in which there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses, says Our Dumb Animals. This is the beautiful story they tell of the place:

In that village there once lived a little lad named Conrad and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came and built its nest near the house. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it so that it got to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it.

Spring and summer followed each other till Conrad had grown to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in her old age. So he went to be a sailor and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day when they were near the coast of Africa a number of cruel pirates swarmed around and took possession of the ship and put the sailors in chains, and afterwards sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. Ships had come and gone, and brought no tidings of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she welcomed it and fed it until the autumn came, and it flew away to the sunny South.

Now it happened that one day as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in some lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home and his mother, and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird along. To his delight the stork came close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand.

But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the North. Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest that he remembered so well there still? Was there any to welcome the bird now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him: "Why, this bird may help me to get away from this vile place!" He managed to write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and tied it firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came again to Norway, and with it the stork. The old widow's eyes lit upon it as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. As it took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied to its leg. As she curiously removed it, think of her joy when she found that it was from her son! Forth with the tidings she ran to the minister of the little parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad, was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then one was sent to the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship of war from him that the pirates dare not touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa, and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safely at home again in his mother's cottage.

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"Kind? Oh, indade, mum, Mike was more loike a neighbor."

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